



R.I.P.D.™

CITY OF THE DAMNED



JEREMY BARLOW • PETER M. LENKOV • TONY PARKER



R.I.P.D.TM

R.I.P.D.: CITY OF THE DAMNED
is based on the characters created by
Peter M. Lenkov

Long before he ever met Nick Walker, Roy Pulsipher was a dead US Marshal with three slugs in his back. To postpone his eternal judgment, he signed a hundred-year contract with the Rest In Peace Department, an afterlife agency sworn to track down wayward souls. On their way to investigate the dark, mysterious mining town of Black Pool, Roy and his new partner, the Puritan Crispin Mather, are ambushed by a foul being shrouded in swirling smoke . . .

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WAIT...
...THAT'S
NOT WHAT I
MEANT.



LISTEN--I
KNOW I MESSED UP.
AND I KNOW I'VE
PROBABLY RUN THROUGH
EVERY LAST CHANCE
YOU'RE GONNA
GIVE ME.

BUT, PLEASE.
DON'T GET ON THAT
TRAIN. WE CAN FIX--
I CAN FIX THIS.

I DON'T
WANT TO LIVE
THE REST OF MY
LIFE WITHOUT
YOU.



THEN STAY
DEAD.



DON'T GET ON
THE TRAIN.





WHY
DO YOU DO
THIS?

WHY KEEP
COMING OUT HERE
WHEN NONE OF YOU
EVER RETURN?

HE'S
HIDING OUT HERE,
ISN'T HE? SOMEWHERE.
I CAN SMELL HIM BUT I
CAN'T SEE HIM.

WHERE
IS HE? TELL ME
EVERYTHING.





I HAVE A QUESTION FOR YOU.



DO YOU RECOGNIZE THIS?



K K K S H H H A A A G G G H H H!



KLISH





WHAT
THE HELL WAS
THAT?
OR DO
I EVEN WANT
TO KNOW?



IT IS CALLED
LUCIFUGE.

IT IS A LORD
OF HELL -- CHARGED
BY SATAN HIMSELF WITH
TORTURING THE WORST
AND MOST EVIL SOULS
DOWN THERE.
IT SHOULD
NOT BE WALKING
THE EARTH.



WELL, I HOPE YOUR LITTLE
FIRECRACKER SENT HIM
BACK TO WHEREVER HE
CAME FROM...
... 'CAUSE IF YOU
WANT TO GO CHASING
HIM DOWN, YOU'RE ON
YOUR OWN.



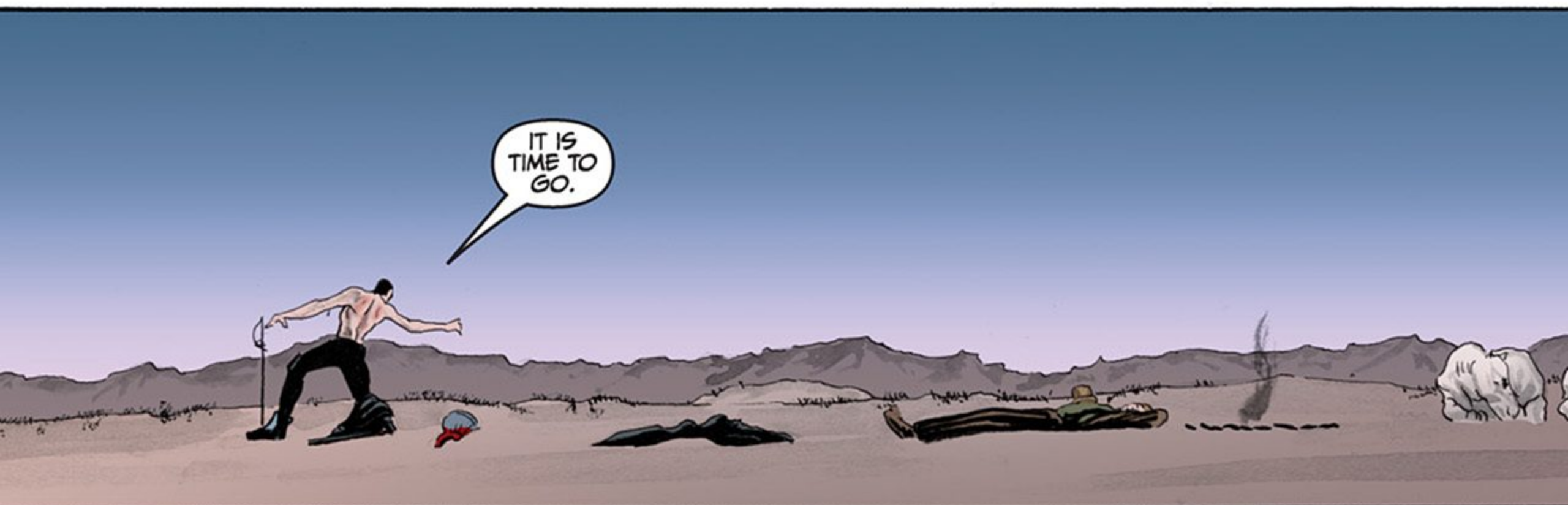
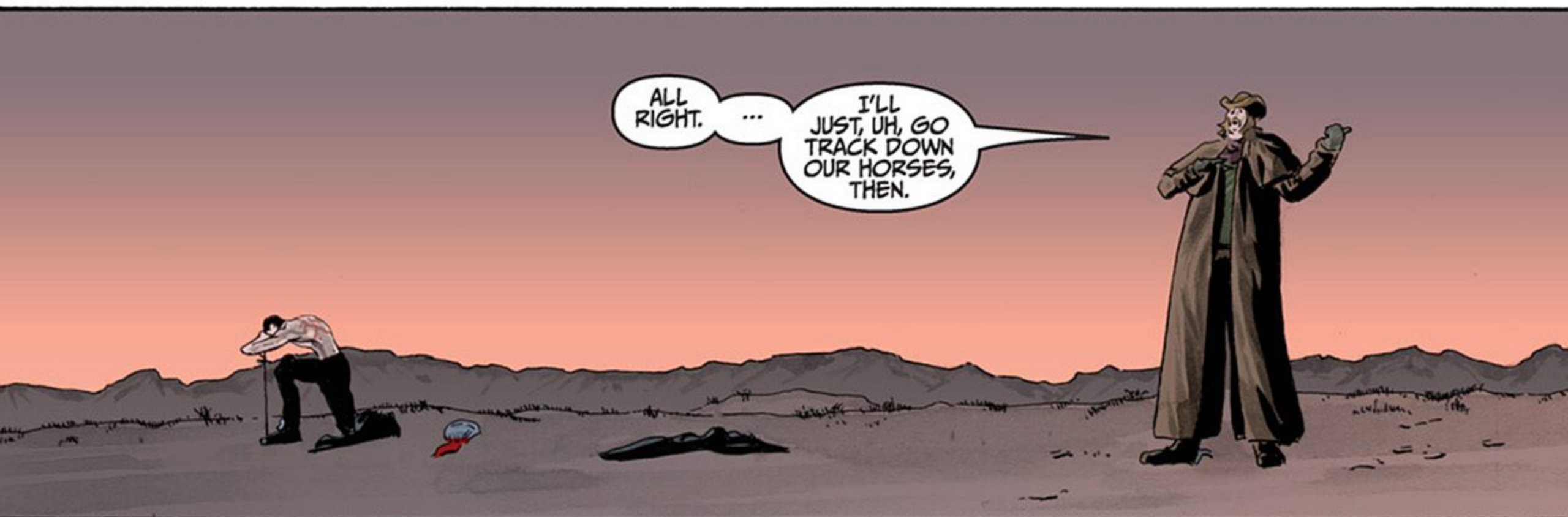
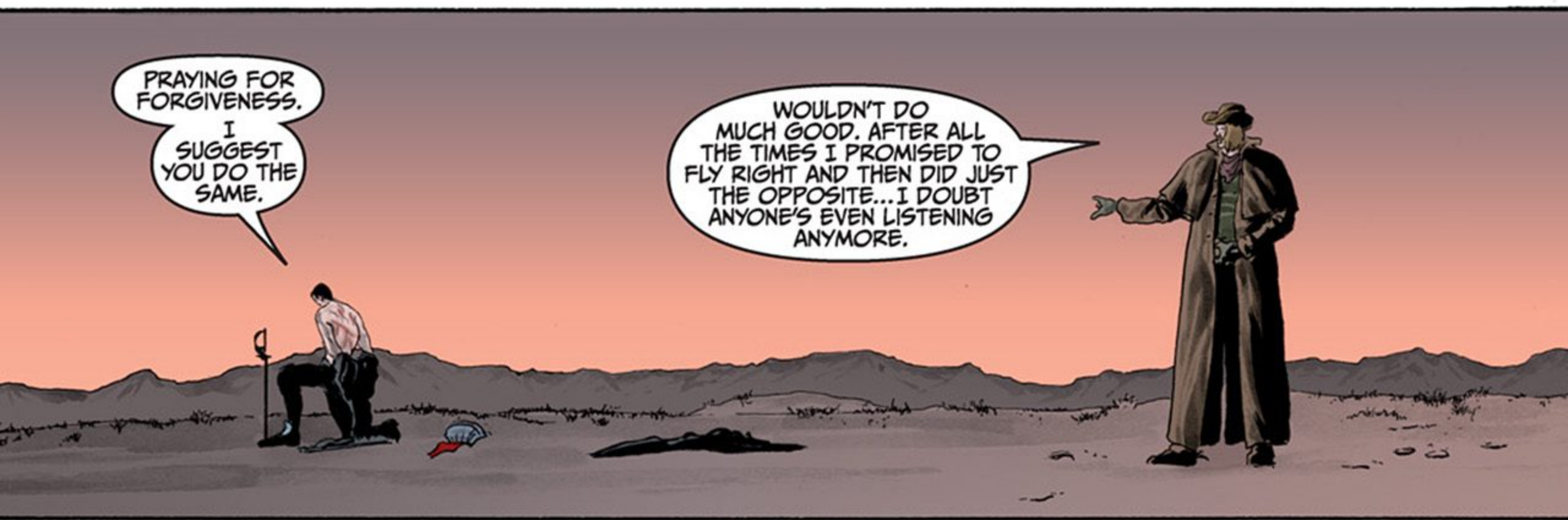
THE DEMON IS NOT
OUR MISSION.
AND THAT
"FIRECRACKER" HELD
THE *SORROW* OF
CHRIST -- THE VERY
TEARS SHED AS OUR
SAVIOR HUNG FOR
OUR SINS.
THAT
VIAL CANNOT BE
REPLACED. IT WAS
AN ITEM OF
INCALCULABLE
VALUE.



YOU JUST PUT A PRICE ON IT,
MY FRIEND -- OUR LIVES.
YOU ASK ME, IT WAS WORTH
EVERY LAST CENT.
I DID NOT ASK
YOU. MY FAMILY HAD
BEEN PROTECTING THE
TEARS FOR *CENTURIES*,
AND NOW THEY
ARE *GONE*.



WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?





DOES ANY
OF THIS LOOK
FAMILIAR?

I DON'T
KNOW. IT'S
STRANGE.

IT DOES AND
IT DOESN'T. FEELS LIKE
I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE,
BUT NOT IN REAL LIFE.
LIKE IN A DREAM OR
SOMETHING.



THE EVENTS SURROUNDING
YOUR DEATH WERE LIKELY
HORRIFIC AND NOT
SOMETHING YOU WANT
TO REMEMBER.

THAT
DOESN'T MAKE
ME FEEL ANY
BETTER.



IT IS NOT
SUPPOSED
TO.



ARE YOU TRYING
TO BE A JERK, OR ARE
YOU JUST NATURALLY
GOOD AT IT?



SO TELL ME THIS,
THEN--IF WE'RE DEAD,
HOW CAN WE STILL
FEEL PAIN?

HOW
WAS OLD
SMOKY ABLE
TO PUT THE
HURT ON
US LIKE
THAT?

WHILE WE MAY NO LONGER BE OF THIS WORLD, AS LONG AS WE WALK IT WE ARE BOUND BY ITS LAWS.

TO DO OUR WORK, WE MUST MANIFEST PHYSICALLY. THESE FORMS ARE HOW WE CHOOSE TO REMEMBER OURSELVES.

SO WE CAN BE KNOCKED AROUND, ROUGHED UP, BROKEN DOWN--EVERYTHING SHORT OF BEING KILLED?

SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

SHOT. STABBED. BURNED. HUNG FROM A NOOSE FOR A MONTH.

PAIN IS IN THE MIND. IF YOU THINK IT HURTS, IT DOES.

WHAT'S THE ADVANTAGE OF BEING DEAD, THEN? ENDLESS PAIN SOUNDS A LOT WORSE THAN JUST DYING AND MOVING ON.

NO, WORSE THAN DEATH IS YOUR SOUL BEING TORN APART. YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS BEING CONSUMED.

BEYOND PAIN IS OBLIVION.

SO WHERE DOES THE TRAIN FIT IN?

TRAIN?

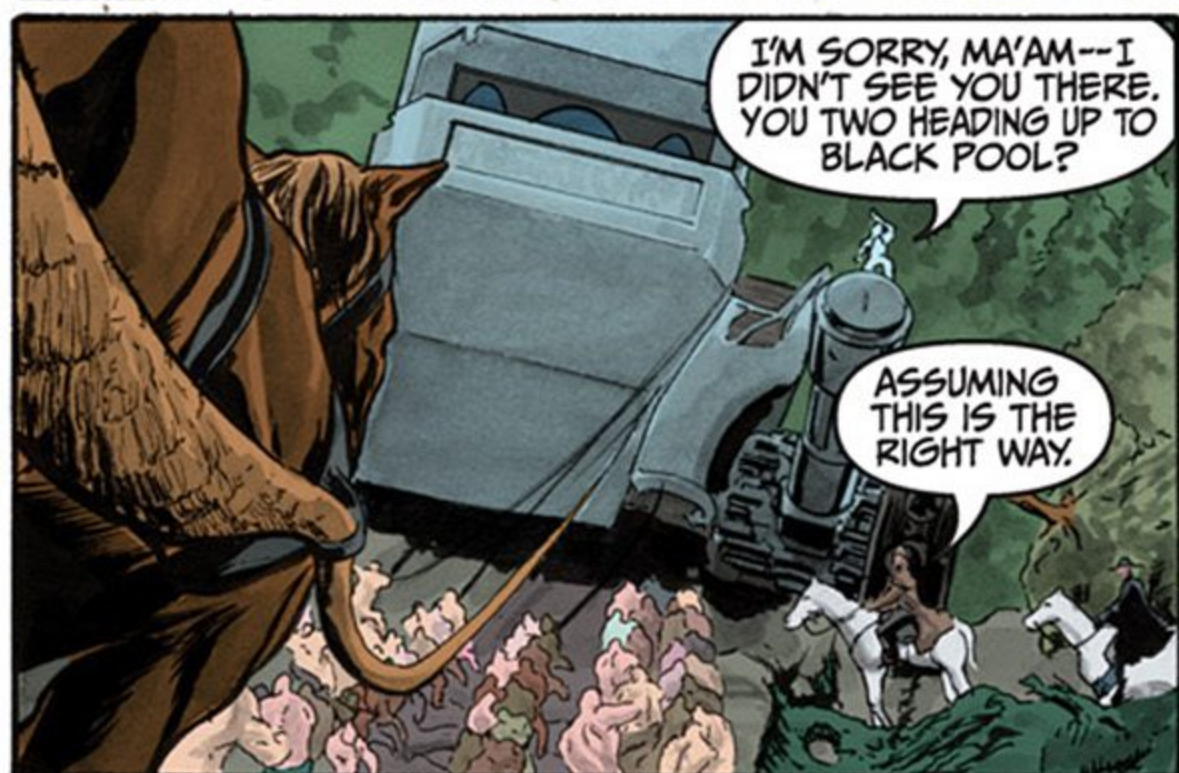
"THE ONE THAT COMES TO GET YOU AFTER YOU DIE. BIG SCARY THING."

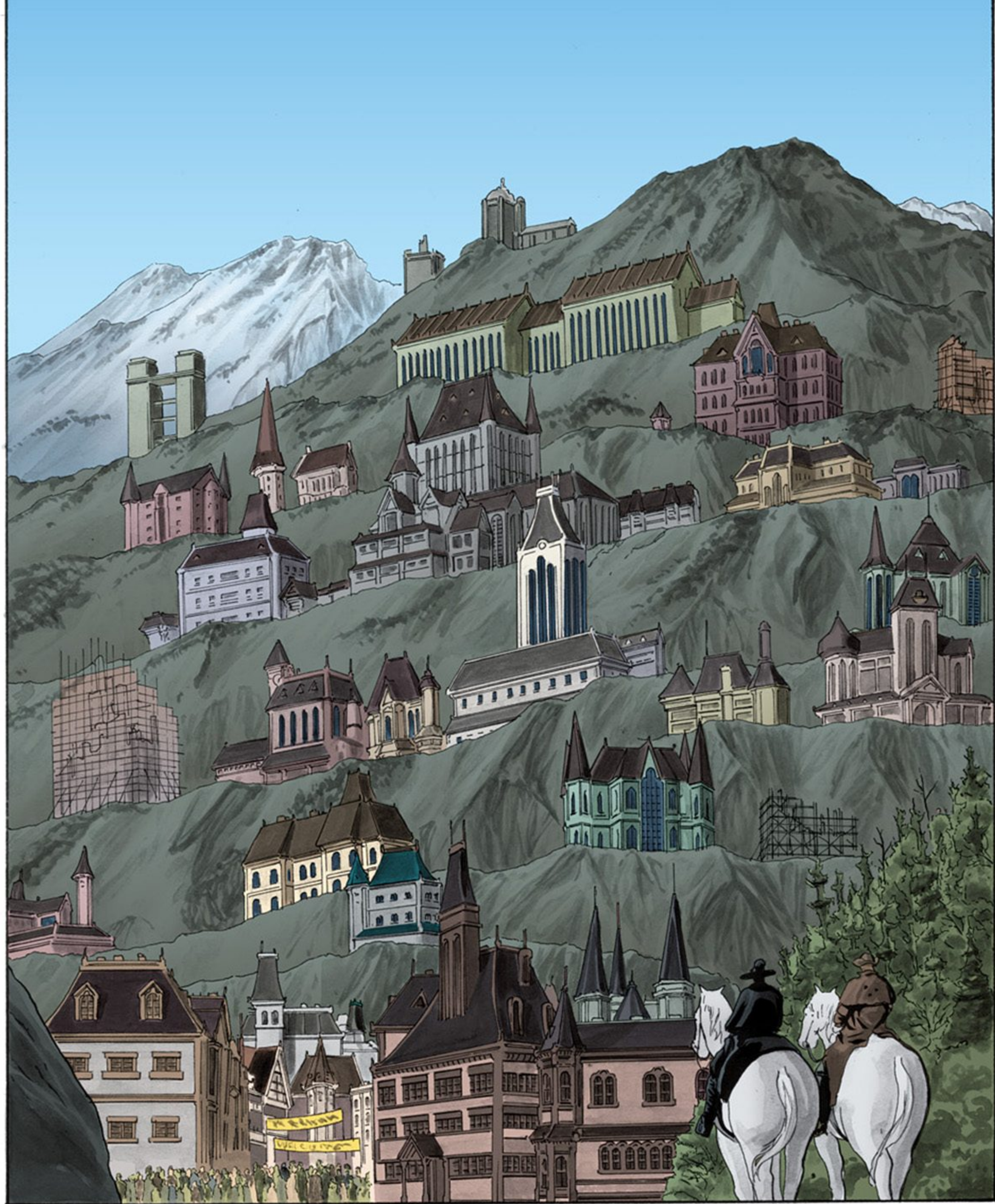
"EVERYONE TALKS ABOUT THE DEAD GRANDMAS WAVING YOU INTO THE LIGHT, BUT NO ONE SAID ANYTHING ABOUT THAT DAMN TRAIN--"

THERE IS NO TRAIN.

BUT I SAW--

--NOT WHAT YOU THINK YOU SAW.







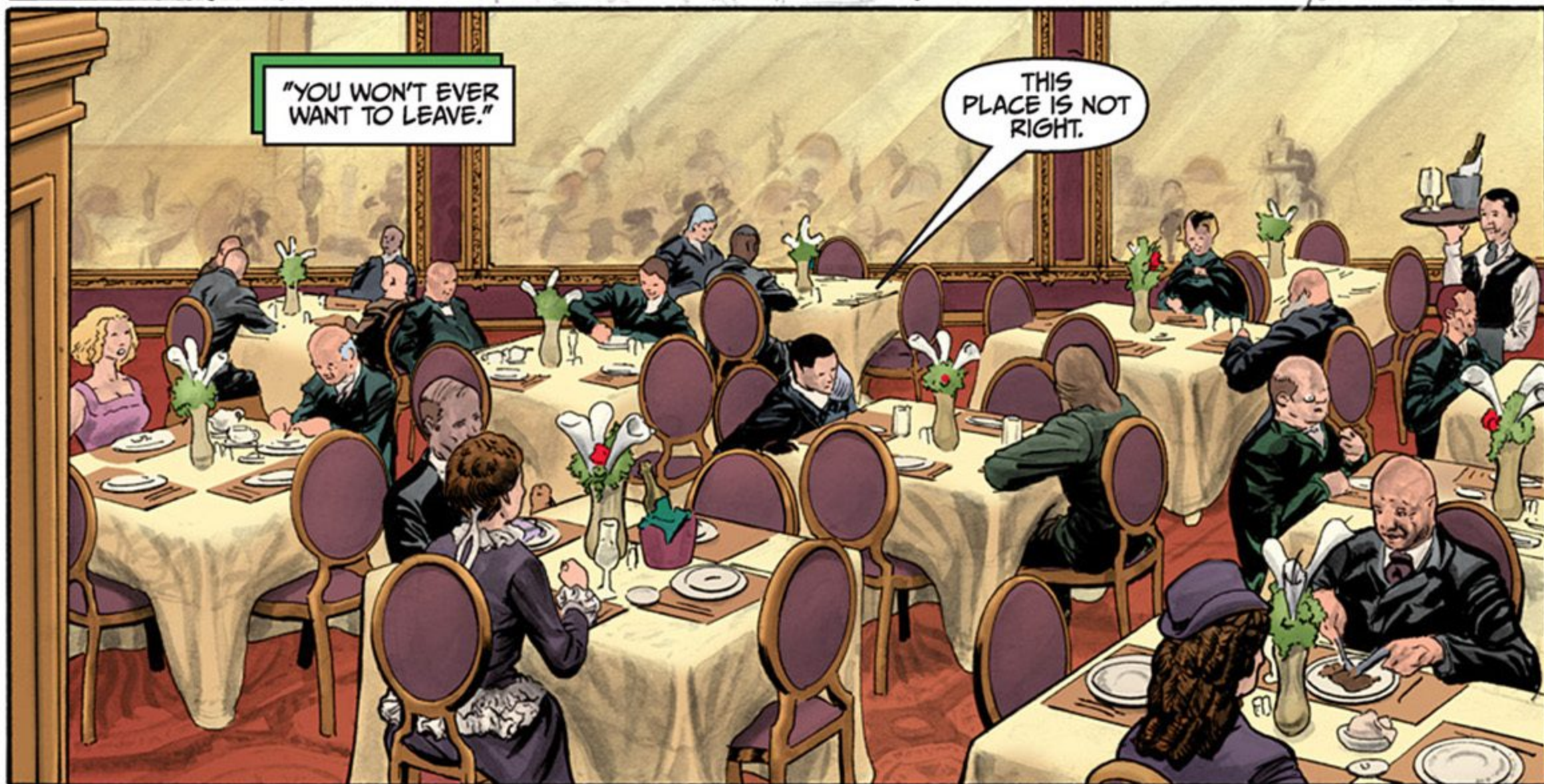
YOU MADE IT. WE'RE SO HAPPY YOU'RE FINALLY HERE.

WELCOME TO BLACK POOL.



YOUR HORSES WILL BE FED AND WELL TAKEN CARE OF...

...BUT, I PROMISE YOU, NOT TREATED NEARLY AS WELL AS YOU BOTH WILL BE.



"YOU WON'T EVER WANT TO LEAVE."

THIS PLACE IS NOT RIGHT.



THERE IS SOMETHING VERY WRONG HERE, BUT IT IS NOT RELATED TO THE MISSING SOULS WE ARE SEEKING.

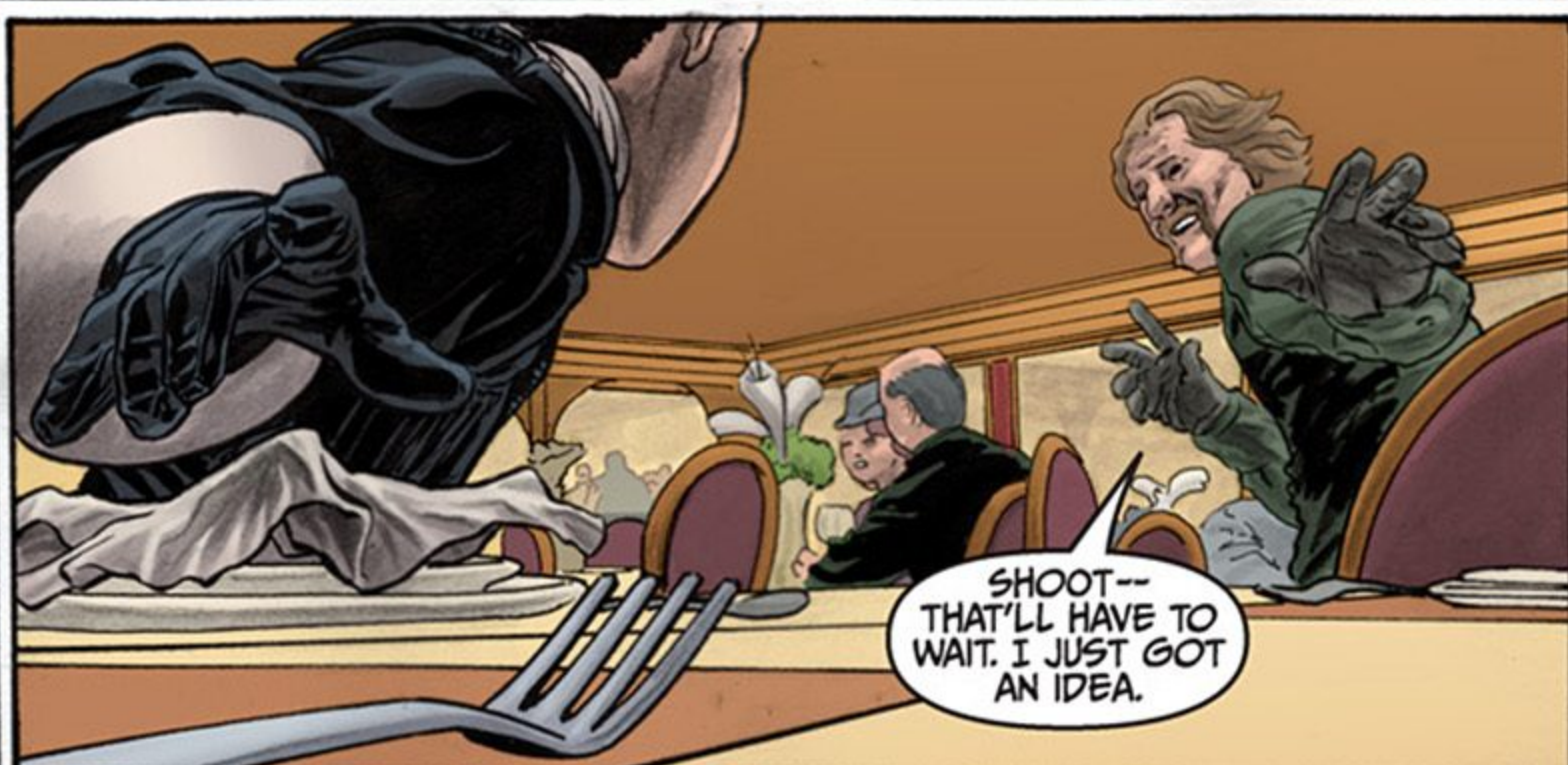
WE SHOULD LEAVE HERE, NOW.



I'M FEELING IT TOO, BUT WE'RE HERE. MAY AS WELL INVESTIGATE.

THAT DEMON DIDN'T ATTACK US ON THE WAY IN FOR NOTHING. LET'S SEE WHAT THEY'RE HIDING.









NO ONE WANTS THAT. LET'S NOT LOSE OUR HEADS YET.

OKAY, YES-- THOSE TWO MEN YOU'RE ASKING ABOUT WERE HERE...

...AND ONE OF THEM KILLED THE OTHER BY SHOOTING HIM IN THE BACK.



IT'S NOT SOMETHING WE LIKE TO TALK ABOUT HERE.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHER GUY?



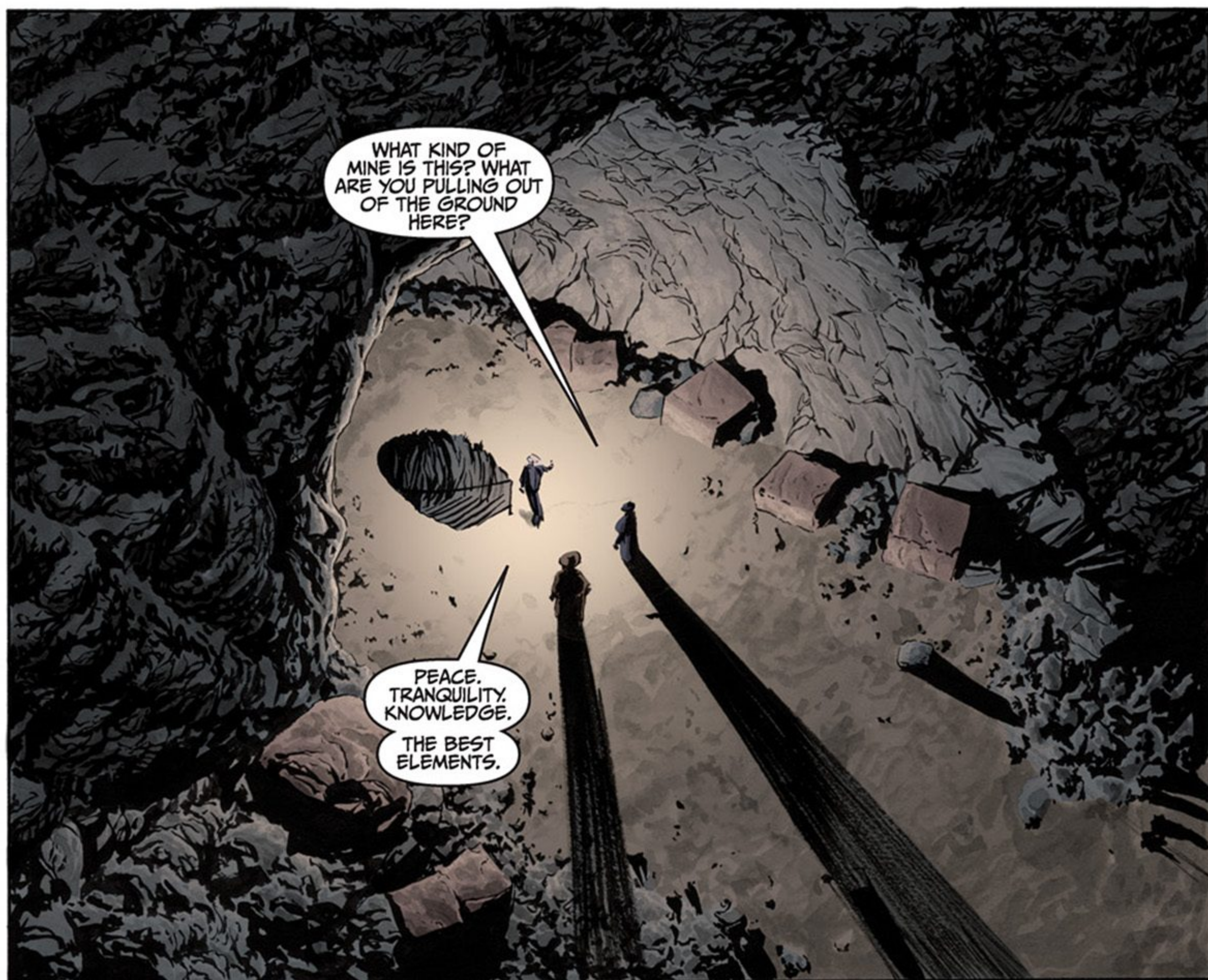
DOES IT MATTER? HE'S NOT HERE NOW.

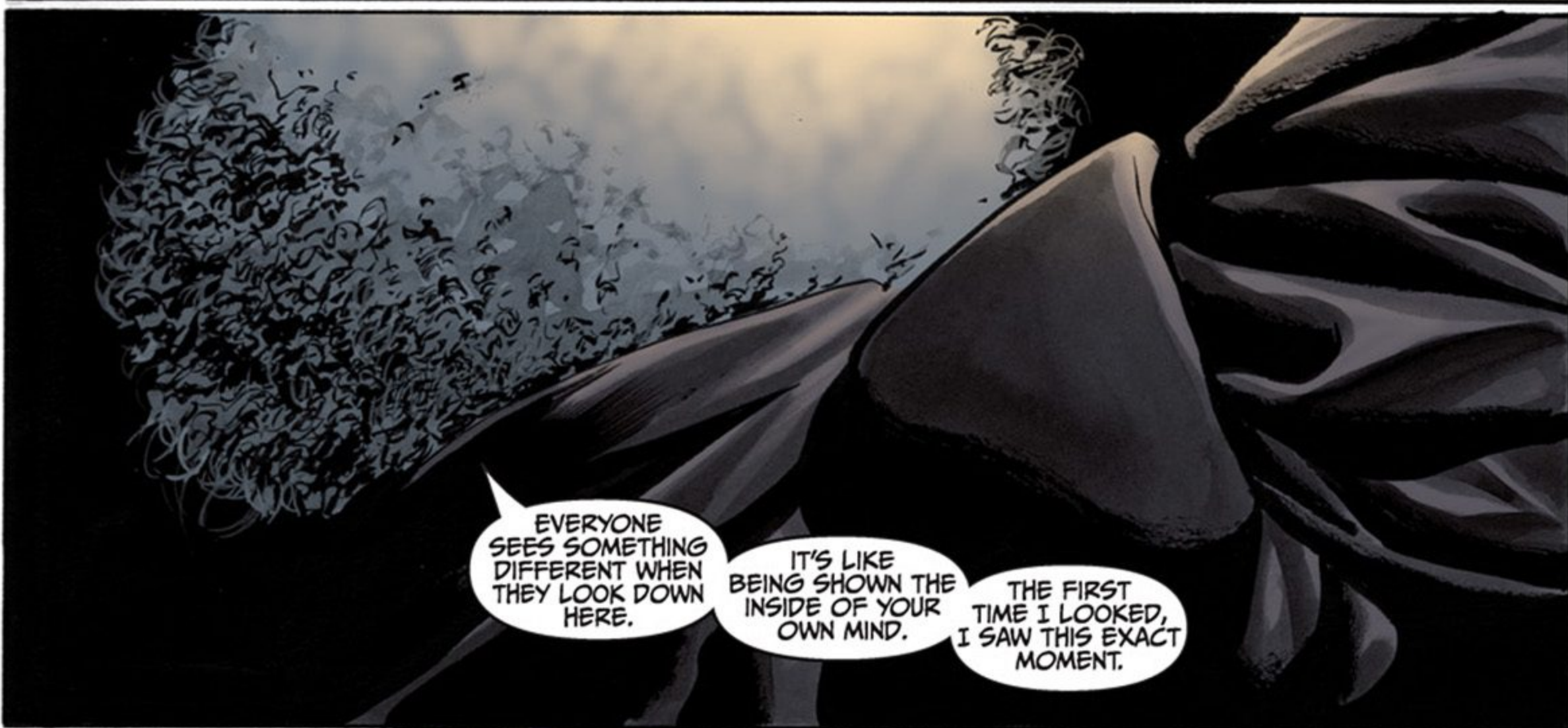
THE LAST ANYONE SAW OF HIM, HE WAS MAKING HIS WAY UP TO THE MINE. NO ONE KNOWS WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THAT.

I CAN TAKE YOU UP THERE FIRST THING IN THE MORNING.



NO. WE'RE GOING THERE NOW.









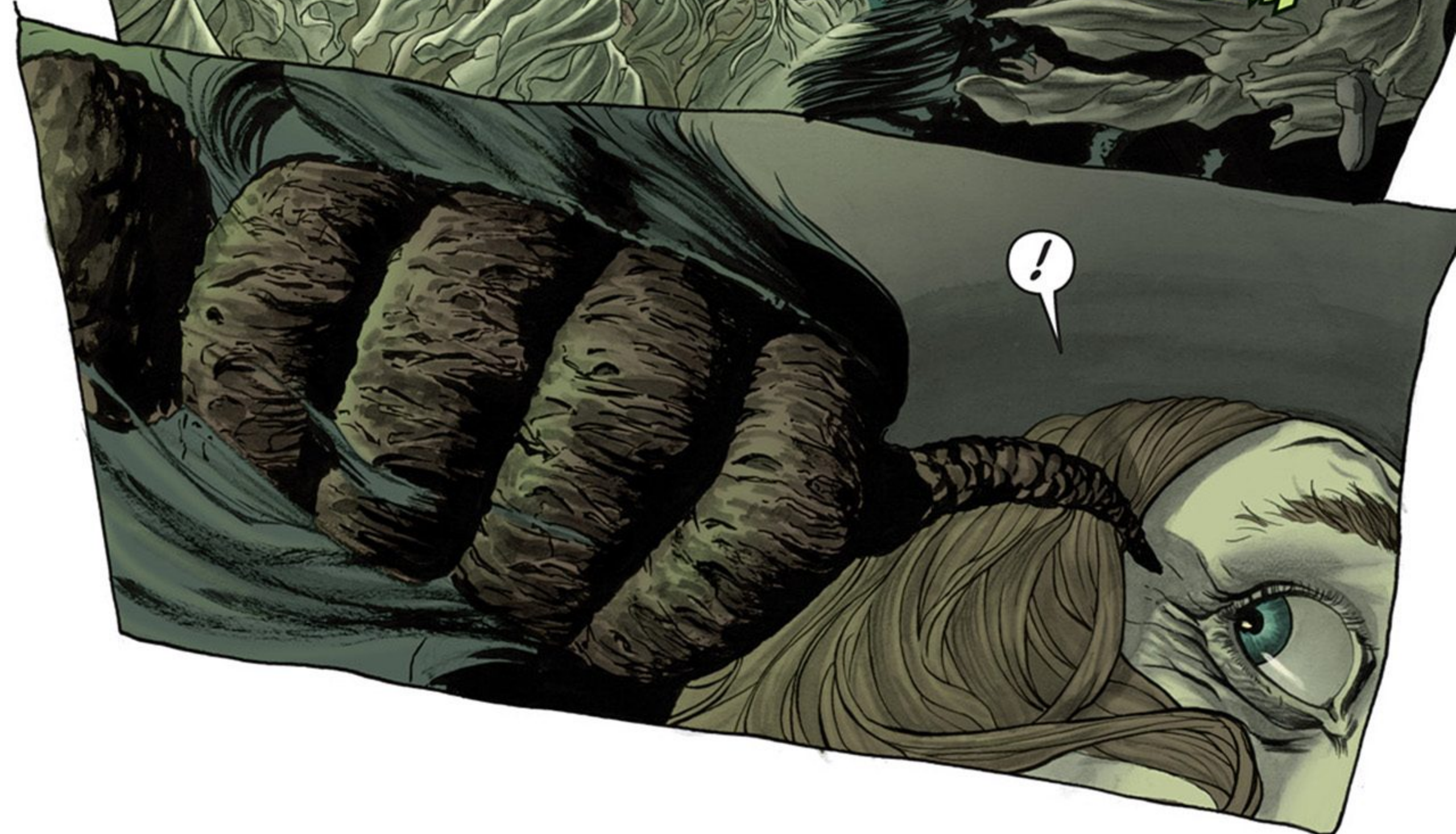
BLURG

NOW
HOLD ON
HERE!



YEAH, THIS IS A REALLY BAD IDEA!





WHY ARE
YOU STILL HERE,
LITTLE R.I.P.D.
MEN?

RUN.

TO BE CONTINUED...

DEAD LETTER DEPARTMENT

Write to us at: R.I.P.D., c/o Dark Horse Comics, 10956 SE Main Street, Milwaukie, OR 97222

E-mail us at: ripd@darkhorse.com



There's no light at the end of *this* tunnel—a coal-black locomotive of evil is coming for Roy and Crispin, punching them each a one-way ticket to the City of the Damned. This iron monstrosity may be creation's only hope, but climbing aboard means allying with a dark enemy. *R.I.P.D.: City of the Damned* #3 is available in stores January 30, 2013!



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